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Us and a Dragon



39 5 4

Chapter 1 by Faye Lynch

How anyone could be terrified of the beauty I'd never understand. The dragon lunged, closer this time than the lunge before. She frightened a few of the other parents, but we knew her better. The dark blue skin shined where the dirt didn't cover her. She was beautiful, unlike some of the other dragons I'd met. She was gentle too.

Stella's baby laughed as the large nose got close enough for her to touch. We giggled at the children, none mine, but all just darling. Some of the parents gathered their children and ran back to their homes but the four of us, and some others, just watched the children's laughter and entertainment. Such a wonderful sight.

I noticed Samantha's husband dart around the dragon, keeping a large distance between the two. He didn't fear her intentions but was nervous about being in her blind spot and ending up flattened and lifeless. I pointed to him and waved with a smile but he didn't smile back like he usually would. He instead stopped when he spotted us and stared a few minutes. At first I thought he was staring at his wife but soon realized it was not her, but Stella. We all looked at him, staring hard and not moving, for several minutes. After a while he bowed his head and turned and run off.

Chapter 2 by Joakim



Odd to behave like that, oh well. The dragon had started to stir now, it seemed to have sensed something odd too.

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Chapter 3 by IntellDrat

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Stella's baby: A delicious mid-afternoon snack

Chapter 4 by Cat4055



We were sure it's intentions were pure. So, the only reason it ate Stella's baby was because she wasn't pure enough. It's the only logical reason.

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Stella carefully set the infant down and walked back to the rest of us, smiling as the dragon approached it. She loomed over the infant, sniffing it for a moment to decide whether to eat it or not. After a moment's hesitation, she snapped up the baby in her jaws, taking a few clods of dirt with it. Dragons are carnivores, after all - they weren't made to eat from the ground.

The crunching of the baby's bones was barely audible over the grumbling of the dragon. After she swallowed, she spat out some chunks of the dirt.

Ever so gently, she walked over to us, the pure ones standing in a small huddle before her. She gave an extra glance at Stella, who had cringed the moment the baby was eaten, but now sighed in resignation. She hadn't been able to raise her child well enough to suit the dragon, she supposed. I looked at the dragon as she curled around us, her human hatchlings, for lack of a better word, and promptly went to sleep. I hadn't been tired before, but something about the warmth underneath her wing soothed us, so we started to fall asleep.

As I drifted off, I couldn't help but think of the smaller, hungrier dragons.

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